Jean Tirilly - Small Acrylic Painting



950 EUR

Signature : Jean Tirilly

Period : 20th century

Condition : Très bon état

Material : Acrylic

Description

A very interesting acrylic on paper by Jean Tirilly, dating from the early days of his career as a painter.Signed and dated 1995 in the lower left corner, catalogued as XXXX III (43!?) in the lower right corner; making it one of the artist's earliest numbered works.44 cm per side with frame, as seen.Breathtaking, as always...Jean Tirilly is a key figure in Art Brut and Art Singulier; he has exhibited in Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and France. His works have been included in "La collection de l'Art Brut" in Lausanne. Above all, they (and he) have touched the hearts of many art lovers and collectors. Although this artist passed away recently, it is estimated that he produced around 2,000 paintings and over 1,000 drawings. A compulsive, diligent, and dedicated creator."If the

Dealer

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word 'singular' has any meaning, it is certainly applicable to Jean Tirilly's paintings. I see quite a few images come my way. Rarely have I discovered a world so enigmatic and yet so alive. Obvious, fascinating, and completely unexpected, unpredictable. A brilliant work of art is, first and foremost, a surprise. It seems to come from elsewhere, from an unknown planet. And like a gift from life, it always gives more than one would have reason to expect. There are paintings that captivate you immediately. Over time, you grow tired of them. The more you look at them, the more they lose their appeal. In the end, you see all too clearly where they come from and how they're made. What initially appealed to us suddenly seems poor, elementary, lacking in mystery and complexity... In Tirilly's astonishing works, I found the exact opposite: a complete, inexhaustible world that resists pure analytical understanding, just like lifeI visited Jean Tirilly only once, finally yielding to pressure from his admirer. I'd been told he lived as a recluse; he is, in fact, a great loner, entirely devoted to the daily exploration of his inner world--a sailor on a cargo ship from the age of sixteen to twenty-two, then, among other things, a diver at a restaurant so he could one day afford the freedom to paint. Tirilly is a child of the '70s who initially aspired to be a writer and published poems with small regional publishers. For the past ten years or so, since he took up painting, he has always worked in acrylic, generally on paper, more rarely on canvas, or even on the reverse side of oilcloth, and he makes his images emerge from a black background, like a photograph in the developer...How can one describe these human frays, this teeming life, this frenetic and colorful spectacle depicted in Tirilly's paintings? With these faces--masks with sunken eye sockets, their mouths always open, like split pumpkins or old, jammed locks--the skillful interplay of colorful interlacing patterns, stylized arms and legs without bodies, and glimpses of the sky, the sea, or fragments of rural scenery, snippets of

landscapes, houses, and villages, rendered with minimal detail, as in the backgrounds of the Italian Primitives. A world of joyful dying souls, of effervescent undead, of zombies on a spree--closer to the Ballad of the Hanged or a festive vision of the Last Judgment than to the profane frivolity of the Commedia dell'arte. For the color--mastered with great skill--is deceptive in Tirilly's universe, where the Grim Reaper, the ankhu of parish churchyards, lurks amid comic-book-style coloring. A monstrous Halloween, Jean Tirilly's tournaments and pitched battles are a puppet theater where life and death play out in a stadium in a frenzy."Art must always make us laugh a little and frighten us a little," said Dubuffet. It is from this ambiguity that all the tension arises, which is the strength of Jean Tirilly's images. A highly intellectual art, a distillation of life, where--through a symbolic style of great coherence--this "Villon of painting," a great poet of an era of upheaval, offers us--with a minimum of props--a child's boat to represent the sea, a steering wheel to evoke a car--beautiful, nonverbal fables about the current vicissitudes of the human condition. The truth is always bitter like medicine; it must be coated in sugar to make it go down. This is the very essence of art, which, spontaneously, knows how to get to the heart of the matter and conceal the drama beneath a shimmering façade.Laurent Danchin 2002"